

The Bargain Of A Lifetime by HolmesHarleyWatson

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Summary: What if there is something more that Pennywise wants from Beverly? What if there is a lot more to Beverly than even she is aware of? What if Pennywise chose to give her the freedom to be who and what she really is?

1. Chapter 1

Hi Everyone! So, I know that this pairing is not super popular; but I also know that I am not alone in writing this pairing. Let me start by saying that this may all be Bill Skarsgards fault in the first place. He shouldn't be that sexy under all that clown makeup. Of course, I write Joker fanfics too, so there is a large part of me that wonders if I am subconsciously attracted to clowns and I am beginning to worry for my sanity...

But I digress. This is an AU story; it doesn't follow the timelines or the story lines of the book or either of the movies. Also, let me get the trigger warnings out of the way; though in my fic doesn't include any sexual abuse by Beverly's Father; it will include physical and mental abuse (beatings, withholding food, temporary imprisonment in the house) All of these will be mentioned in flashbacks only and will not take up more than a paragraph or two at a stretch. My "IT's" murders will be a bit descriptive at certain points. Also, this fic is an IT/Beverly pairing and it is consensual due to Beverly's deal with IT, which will be explained in the first chapter. Also, my IT will have an actual name as well of my own creation, both IT and Beverly will be a little OOC in this as they would have to be for what the story is and in order to make it work. Beverly is 23 IN THIS STORY, so nothing underage is going on. All of this being said; please don't spam me with hate mail and garbage, it'll be ignored and deleted. You've been warned, so read at your own risk.

Chapter 1: The Agreement

Beverly stood frozen in the dank shallows; the brown muck of the sewer water oozing and churning around her feet. Something slimy and sinuous had attempted to take hold of her twice but she had kicked it away and in the moment that she had glanced down distracted, IT had taken hold of Bill. To his credit; Bill hadn't screamed or put up much of a fight. Seeing the ghost of Georgie had finally taken the wind out of his sails and he looked almost resigned to his fate now. Why should he fight? He had failed. He had failed

Georgie and then he had failed The Losers; they would all die now and they would become one of IT's countless hoard of victims...

Part of the missing.... Part of the forgotten....

"Wait!" Beverly exclaimed, trying in vain to buy them a few more minutes, trying to think of an out. There had to be an out here.

The clown paused and cocked its head as IT studied her like some sort of sadistic scientist watching their live experiment squirm.

"Take..... Take me instead," She offered, her feet squelching forward numbly as she inched closer to death, one foot in front of the other. She lost a sneaker at some point, but she ignored the mushiness and the freezing mess around her. She wouldn't need shoes soon; IT would kill her and shoes and school bullies and her Father's cooling corpse at home wouldn't matter. She should have killed him sooner. She should have killed him sooner and beat the shit out of Greta and her little troupe of Bitchettes at school and then maybe she could have lived a little before she died. Now it was too late and she had barely lived at all and now she was gonna die and he would make sure that it fucking hurt too; he would make sure that she paid dearly for that poker through his head back in the abandoned house. He would punish her for all of her reckless bravery and boldness. He would punish her for her lack of fear...

"What?" IT asked dumbly, loosening its hold on Bill slightly, but the poor boy was catatonic and pale; not even registering the change in pressure around his neck.

"Take me instead. I know you want me, I've seen the way you look at me; it's different than you look at the others," She reiterated, allowing a knowing smirk to grace her lips in contrast to the dread of her impending death looming within her. IT dropped Bill like a sack of potatoes and they were suddenly alone. The Losers were nowhere in sight.

"Where are they?! What did you do you son of a bitch?!" She screamed, running forward and colliding with the very solid and very tall figure of the clown and punching and scratching every inch of him that she could reach until he caught her wrists with an inhuman

strength and spun, slamming her against the stone wall behind him.

"Brave, brave, brave Beverly.... So much courage..... So much fire. Just enough to burn when you get too close. Fire consumes indiscriminately my brave one, it burns everything in its path... and you are no exception. Now my dear, when I let go of your wrists, you will behave calmly and rationally and you will listen to the terms of this deal because I am not a patient man and though I admire many of your qualities; I could just as easily kill all of your friends with the snap of my fingers and keep you all to myself anyways, but fair is fair and for some reason I feel that I owe you a chance at the very least." His voice slithered forth softly, almost coaxingly and Beverly took a deep shuddering breath as it washed over her.

"They're... they're alive?" She whispered shakily, eyes wide as she gazed up at him in tearful relief.

"Yes, for now. But they won't stay that way if you don't agree to what I want; all of what I want. No negotiating; take it or leave it. Understand?" He asked her sincerely, feeling her quiver and sway weakly. There was a nasty gash at her temple and he briefly wondered how worse for the wear the poor fragile human was. As if on cue, Beverly's knees gave way below her and she sagged weakly against the stone wall behind her, only kept in place by His strength and His hold on her.

Pennywise frowned at her and sighed impatiently, teleporting her to a house that he had thought up in his head and plopping her unceremoniously on a bed in a semi-dark room.

"Your kind are so very weak and fragile.... Are you listening? Can you hear me and understand me or are you going to faint?" He asked dispassionately as he studied her curiously.

"I can hear you..... I'm awake...." She rasped, attempting to sit up, but freezing in place when he stopped her with a firm hand on her shoulder.

"Just lay there and listen. Your friends are all alive and I have undone everything that happened this summer. Georgie is alive, Betty Ranscum, everyone that went missing minus those awful bullies that

the lot of you were wishing dead anyways, oh; and your Father is dead too. Life as you know it has changed drastically in the few minutes that you've been fighting to hang on to consciousness, but I won't keep you too much longer. Your identity as Beverly Marsh has been wiped away, I've sped up your age and you are now an adult of Twenty-three. Your name is Beverly Gray, you live here with your Husband who is often out of town for work off and on; you are a quiet couple that keeps to yourselves. You don't work due to the fact that your parents died several years ago in a tragic car accident and left you quite an inheritance, and between that and your Husbands salary, you want for very little. Your so-called "Losers" don't even recall a Beverly Marsh; in fact, they aren't even friends with each other because the reasons that you all became friends have been undone. If you ever see them in town, they won't know who you are and they won't give you a second look. If you try to escape me or work against me in any way Beverly, I will kill them all in half a heartbeat and you will still be my prisoner. Do you understand?" He asked her icily. Beverly swallowed the growing lump of misery in her throat. She wouldn't even get the chance to say goodbye.....

"Yes, I understand. When can I expect this Husband of mine home? Or is he just a figment of Derry's imagination?"

"I should be back in a day or so, but believe me when I say that I am always watching you Beverly and I will not tolerate any deviations from this lovely little fantasy life that I have created. Do you understand me?" He demanded again to her horror and shock. *Oh God, it was him. He wanted to be her ... Husband....*

He knew that she had understood the fullness of his expectations now about their deal.

"I assure you that I am not at all a demanding individual believe it or not. I like things simple as much as the next being. I will not harm you at all physically or mentally and if you allow yourself to be a bit.... Open-minded, I know that I could even make you quite happy in several ways. Do we have a deal Beverly?" He asked suddenly and she nodded in the dark, keeping her back to him.

"Good. I promise not to keep you waiting too long, a day at the most. In the meantime, this is your home and you may do what you please

here so long as it keeps within the parameters of our agreement. If you would like to venture into town, there is a red car in the garage that belongs to you and you'll find that you have acquired the skill to drive recently. I have left you some money in the top drawer of the dresser and you can spend as much of it as you like, I can always lay my hands on more. As for your current state of health, I will make sure that a good night sleep will be a cure all...." Beverley gasped as she felt him sit on the edge of the bed at her back and place his palm surprisingly gently to her forehead, leaving all else to blackness....

2. Chapter 2: Confirmation

Chapter 2: Confirmation

Beverly started awake shaking, her long auburn hair clinging to her face, neck, and shoulders as she stumbled out of an unfamiliar bed in an unfamiliar bedroom only to fall painfully to her knees from a greater height than she was used to.....

Twenty-Three. He had said she would be twenty-three...

She was wobbly on her new longer legs at best, but grace be damned as she raced into the in-suite bathroom and fumbled with the light on the wall as she studied her reflection in the mirror. Her hair had apparently darkened slightly with age, giving way to a complex auburn chestnut color shot with subtle hints of gold. Her almond shaped eyes were still the same shade of blue green, but her lips had grown fuller and her cheekbones were slightly more defined and higher than they had been when she was twelve. As she stepped into the shower, she noted the changes to her body as well; fuller in some places and leaner in others. She shrugged as she had never really been one to care much about her appearance; if anything she had just been slightly curious to see what her now older features looked like. When she exited the shower, she turned to look at her back in the mirror and frowned as the scars from her many endured punishments from her father came into view. The raised pink and white lines from slowly healed welts and lacerations were bunched, raised, and ugly and she dropped her long chestnut waves back into place in an effort to hide them and try to forget about the horrific memories they represented of the time spent with her dear Father.

Beverly found herself quite curious to explore the house that Pennywise had left her in as she walked into the closet hesitantly to find a very large selection of clothes divided into his and hers sections. She found herself drawn by her damnable curiosity to his section, running her hands over several black and dark navy-blue suits, maroon cardigans and sport coats, selections of casual denim and cotton pants; everything one could think of that would adorn any businessman's wardrobe. Not a single clown suit in sight...

Beverly laughed then, a sound that brought some semblance of boisterous insanity into that confined space as she imagined herself doing average domestic chores like laundry and having to lament over grease-paint makeup stains on clown suits, but her laughter quickly ceased when she imagined other stains to lament over.... *Like blood...*

She then jerked a plum colored sundress off a hanger on her side at random and slammed the door shut behind her as reality sank in. He would be here with her tomorrow the latest. What then? What the hell did he want with her? Sex was a given and that alone made her shiver in fear as she imagined what he might have planned for her once she was alone in his bed at his mercy. He had promised not to harm her physically or mentally, but could he be trusted at all? How did she know that he wouldn't just kill her once he tired of her presence? What happened when it was time for him to return to hibernation? These were all questions that plagued her mind as Beverly adorned the dress she had chosen and slipped on a pair of very casual black flats at random that were next to the dresser, not bothering to dry her hair as she crept to the door and peeked out of the bedroom; glancing furtively up and down the hallway beyond. She didn't really know what she was expecting to happen, but she had learned in her short time acquainted with Pennywise to expect anything from him. She noted the décor of the home appeared to be very modern with dark mahogany walls and emerald and charcoal marble flooring as she stepped out of the bedroom and softly shut the door behind her and made her way to the end of the hall where a staircase awaited her innocently enough to take her to the lower level of the house. As she stepped onto the first stair she paused, looking around herself cautiously; trying to discern any sign that he was present or had left any nasty booby traps for her, but all was still and quiet save for the ticking of an antique-looking carriage clock on the mantel in the living room below her. Hurrying down the rest of the steps, she jogged pell-mell to the front door and flung it wide; racing down the steps of the wrap-around terrace and all the way to the end of the garden walkway, not stopping until she reached the mailbox. Once there she sucked in lungful's of fresh air laced with a hint of cool crispness that bespoke of the coming autumn.

"Expecting a package Bev?"

Beverly nearly jumped out of her skin as she whipped around only to see her apparent neighbor who was watering roses along their shared fence line. The elderly woman smiled kindly at her as she gathered her wits and took another deep breath.

Crist sake Marsh get a grip.....

That's what Ritchie would have told her, and somehow the thought of his sarcastic humor calmed her nerves.

"Uh, no... I just got a bit of cabin-fever I guess," She replied, opening the mailbox and reaching in for the assortment of bills and junk mail that she was surprised to find waiting for her.

"I suppose you're just anxious for your Rishcha to return?" The older woman said with a crinkled smile. Beverly nearly made the mistake of asking her who the Hell she was talking about until she caught site of the name on one of the bills she held in her hand; *Mr. Rishcha V. Gray....*

"Yes, but he should be home by tomorrow the latest." She replied with a hopefully convincing smile.

"Well that's good that it was only a three-day trip this time! I don't know how you stand having him traveling back and forth so much, if Herb was gone that often when I was younger I'd have had a few stern words for him indeed. I bet that you'll be happier once he starts that new position next month and he doesn't have to fly out every week. In case I miss him later, please tell him I said thank you for the advice for my roses. That fertilizer he suggested really did the trick, wouldn't you say?" She asked, gesturing to the lush red and pink blooms lining the fence.

"Yeah, they're beautiful. Well, I should head in and grab some breakfast." She replied, excusing herself with a wave and heading back inside.

Giving fucking gardening tips to a broad he's probably just going to eat....

Once Beverly was behind closed doors again, she leaned against the smooth dark wood and stained glass and closed her eyes, willing

herself to think of anything else, but unbidden the thought of Pennywise drifted to the surface of her consciousness and the feel of eyes drawn to her caused her to start and look around the atrium and living room cautiously. She searched each shadow as she crept forward silently; although she thought that was stupid in retrospect; he controlled everything about the house, everything about this world; down to the little Goddamn lady next door and her beloved fucking roses. If he wanted to do something to her to hurt her, he could reach out and swat her asunder like a lion could swat a mouse. She took a deep steadying breath and her stomach growled in return, betraying her hunger; she hadn't eaten much at all the day before and she had had nothing since. Seeing the modern stainless-steel refrigerator, she gulped nervously when she imagined the things she could find in there; anything from gallons of blood to half-eaten body parts that were being kept preserved. When she took the handle in hand she hesitated, holding her breath as she whipped the door open and sighing in relief when the contents revealed themselves to be normal. Fruit, vegetables, cheese, lunchmeat, milk, juice, and soda greeted her much to her relief. She opened the freezer next, which revealed ice cream, steaks, pork chops, lamb chops, and country ribs; along with packages of frozen vegetables and fruits.

Beverly sighed in relief once more as she returned to the fridge and pulled out the eggs and a few slices of cheese and ham, throwing together ingredients for an omelet quickly and eating it straight out of the pan sloppily she was so starved. She grabbed a can of coke to wash it all down before slumping into the nearest chair, not really caring that she looked like a slob for the way she had just eaten. She was alone in the house after all and he had said that she could do whatever she wanted so long as it stayed within the parameters of their agreement. Shrugging, she rose from her seat and went to the sink to wash the pan and spatula she had used, acquainting herself with the rest of the kitchen. The cabinets contained normal and average dried and canned goods too as she opened door after door to reveal pasta, rice, cereals, oatmeal, sugar, flour, and spices. Everything that the average human could need or want; along with a cabinet that seemed to be dedicated to teas of every flavor with a full tea service within.

Beverly searched the rest of the house out of curiosity and partially

for the lack of much else to do, but she had come across nothing out of the ordinary; unless you counted a larger than average library stocked with books in at least sixteen different languages. She pulled out a collection of short stories by Ray Bradbury and settled into an overstuffed papasan chair in a rich velvet burgundy color to read; definitely her favorite way to both escape and pass the time.

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"You have problems *with a human*?" His Brother asked in disbelief, pausing in his weeding of the front garden to look Rishcha in the eye.

"That's the problem Reshlo, I don't think she *is* human; at least not completely. You've said it yourself so many times; we don't know where everyone went when we crash-landed over a century ago. Between the planets messy evacuation at the end of the war and the escape pods loosing navigation when they penetrated Earths atmosphere, we have no idea where everyone went or how many others survived. There is something different about her, a scent that is wholly unique, but very recognizable; not to mention the fact that she doesn't fear me, and I don't think that she ever did. She feared the tricks that I played on her at first to feed off of her fear, but her fear never tasted the same as the others' did and after she found out that the tricks were coming from me, she was no longer afraid of them at all. I think that one of our kind mated with a human and she is the result of their coupling; much like your own family," Rishcha said, nodding towards the three seemingly normal human children chasing each other around the yard while Elaine; Reshlo's very human wife watched with a smile on her face.

"Perhaps a sign that you yourself should settle down. You must be getting more reckless in your feedings if a group of eleven and twelve-year-old's could discover and stop you; neither of us is as young as we once were," Reshlo surmised with a slow and knowing smile.

"Age is hardly a factor when you're immortal," Rishcha argued dryly, wrinkling his nose at the smell of his Brother charring the ribs he was barbequing.

"Must you always insist on cooking meat well done? It isn't natural..." He complained, making Reshlo wince.

"I don't need to remind you of what might happen if the children get a taste for blood?" He whispered pointedly, making Rishcha nod in agreement reluctantly.

"You could stand to start living a more domesticated life Rish, it isn't all bad." Reshlo reiterated for at least the dozenth time in a decade.

"Perhaps. The female and I have come to an agreement for now, but its tetchy at best. She stubborn," Rishcha said with a frown.

"Good. It's about time someone took you down a few notches," Reshlo replied, the Brothers sharing a laugh as Rishcha handed over several specimen tubes that Reshlo pocketed quickly.

"Tell me what you find out about her. Blood, hair, and tissue was all I could get this time around," He said anxiously.

"I'm sure that's more than enough to confirm your suspicions. If she was twelve in human years, then she was teetering at the border of the age of emergence in ours as you well know; meaning that all of the symptoms of maturity should begin at any time now for her and we'll know what kind of powers she possesses soon. I'll test these immediately and call you as soon as the results are ready," Reshlo said in parting, walking Rishcha to his maroon mustang and watching as his Brother drove off; a wrinkle of worry creasing his forehead as he wondered what exactly he would do next.

"What were you two discussing so seriously?" Elaine asked curiously as she wrapped her arms around Reshlo from behind.

"Rishcha may have finally found his mate, but I have to conduct some tests down in the lab first." He explained, still watching his Brother drive further away in the distance until he made a turn out of sight.

"So he may have found one of your kind?" Elaine asked excitedly, thinking about how fun it would be to finally have a sister-in-law.

"Yes, I think he has."

Rishcha drove around town and the outskirts of town and then back again as he thought, waiting for his brother to call him and thinking of going home for a while, but he had transported the contents of his lair (minus the evidence of his singular diet) to the house he had created for Beverly, meaning that all of his books and creature comforts were there with her. He could have stayed with his Brother, but he always felt so very intrusive there; as though he were encroaching on territory that didn't belong to him. Try as he might, he had usually always been a loner and had never purposefully sought out companionship of any kind. The foreign emotions and feelings he got from Beverly's scent were intoxicating and confusing, mouthwatering and invigorating, tantalizing and mind-numbing all at once. Hence, the deal that he happily made with her just to get her the hell away from the others. He had to see if the unique pheromones he picked up were truly what they appeared to be, had to see if he had really found another of their kind, even if she was only half of what they were and half human. The muscles in Rishcha's jaw worked as he spotted a deer running along the forest line where it met the road and he slowed the mustang to a stop, stalking out of the drivers side of the car and shutting the door quietly behind him.

The animal slowed down and stared back at him as he sent out a telepathic command for it to stop, which it was currently resisting, so Rishcha sent a pulse of energy to attack the bucks nervous system and it fell to the ground weakly; a dazed look on its face as he leapt onto its back and gouged into its throat with his rows of fangs, drinking eagerly and ripping off strips of flesh messily. He was exhausted and required a feed urgently; he would need all of his energy and wits about him when he was around Beverly. When the deer was picked clean to the bones and antlers he teleported to the river to wash the remaining blood off of his hands, arms, torso and face. His shirt was a lost cause and he let the article of clothing drift away down the river; he always kept spare clothes in the trunk as it were. He fazed back to the roadside and got into his car just as his phone rang and Reshlo's name flashed across the screen.

"Yes Brother?" He answered, flicking on his headlights for the ordinary purpose of fitting in with the rest of the dull hunkering herd of humans that resided in Derry; his night vision was better than any creature on the planet.

"You were right, She is one of us and she will need our protection now that she will be going through her emergence." Reshlo said softly while Rishcha let go of the breath he'd been holding.

"Good. Now I have to get home even though she's not expecting me back until tomorrow," He sighed, turning the Mustang around with precision towards the house he had made for them.

"Well at least your evening won't be dull. I'll call you tomorrow then," Reshlo said with amusement, disconnecting the call. Rishcha rolled his eyes at his Brothers attitude and dialed another number telekinetically as he drove.

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Beverly jerked awake when she heard the phone ringing, rubbing the fuzziness out of her eyes and groaning as she made her way out of the too-comfortable chair and raced back down the hall towards the kitchen to snatch the cordless phone out of its cradle.

"H-Hello?" She answered uncertainly, wondering who the hell would be calling the house, unless.....

"Hello Beverly," Pennywise was on the other line.

"I haven't left the house; I've been here all day." She said quickly, checking her watch as she realized that it was already half-passed 6pm.

"Oh, but you did leave to check the mail and have a nice chat with Roberta over the fence. I told you that I was always watching Beverly, and I really am. I called you to ask if you've eaten dinner yet?" He asked, smirking at her momentary stunned silence.

".....No, I haven't. H-h-have you?" She asked, trying not think about who might be missing now if he had.

"I had a rather large appetizer across town, so it'll take me an hour and a half if I travel the human way to reach you. I would like you to have dinner ready for us by the time I get home," He replied, toying with her; knowing she would think he had eaten *someone* instead of

feasting on raw venison.

"What do you want me to make?" Beverly asked, her hand that was holding the receiver began to tremble slightly as she imagined what he might request.

"There's some ground beef and Italian sausage on the bottom shelf in the fridge, can you whip up spaghetti decently in the time it'll take for me to reach you?" Rishcha asked, knowing that it would be more than time enough.

"Yes." She replied, getting the meat out of the fridge and tossing it onto the counter behind her.

"Good, I'll see you soon." Then there was nothing but the dial tone to greet her and she hung up, replacing the cordless in its cradle.

Beverly put a large pot of water to boil on the stove while she prepped the meat with the herbs and spices she found in the cabinets and the onion and garlic she had diced to brown in a pan. To calm her nerves, she had turned the radio on low, nearly getting lost in the music as she finished cooking dinner, putting the finishing touches on the sauce as she saw headlights flash across the wall through the windows behind her. She swallowed nervously, shutting the radio off and taking the two dishes of spaghetti to the dining room table. She was turning to retrieve the carafe of ice water and glasses when a tall man with dark brown hair and piercing blue eyes walked into the house and shut the door. Beverly snatched up the knife she had been using to dice the onions earlier and held it up defensively as he turned to say something and paused, a smirk lighting up his eyes and shifting his features in such a way that she recognized him at last; the knife clattering to the floor at her feet.

"Jesus Pennywise, you scared the shit out of me! Why do you look like that?" She gasped, retrieving the knife and tossing it back into the sink.

"What were you expecting?" He asked her, eyes glittering in amusement.

"Really? *I was expecting a fucking clown!*" She exclaimed, as though

this were the most obvious thing in the world.

"Are you more comfortable with that particular shape? Should I change?" He asked her, bewildered.

"No, its fine. I-I just thought that the clown was your normal shape." She muttered, cheeks burning as he began to laugh lightheartedly.

"My dear, *this* is my normal shape. Good Lord, did you think that there was a planet somewhere inhabited by *clowns*?" He asked incredulously, making her want to curl up into a ball and die of stupidity suddenly. She gestured awkwardly to the table she had set and made to grab the carafe of water and glasses once again, but he took them from the counter and made his way to the dining room, pouring a glass of water for her and taking his seat once she had sat down in hers.

"So... the clown is only... a persona to scare people, like the other things you appeared as?" She asked slowly, wondering just how many things he was capable of turning into.

"Yes, I find that the clown is most successful in scaring people; adults and children alike. When the Arhady crash-landed here over a century ago, there was a large circus in town; the largest in the country at the time. Though I noticed the clowns were trying to spread laughter and happiness to the crowd, I noticed that most people were leery of them and wanted nothing to do with them and the idea sprung from there." He told her as he began eating his spaghetti, enjoying the flavor of the herbs she had used to pair with the meat and sauce.

"So.....your people.....the Arhady, just scare and eat people?" Beverly asked, twirling her own spaghetti on her fork pensively.

"No. There are some of us that are forced to live that way because it's the only way we can survive with our powers and abilities intact. Centuries ago the Arhady lived in peace, we were a normal telepathic race inhabiting a planet known as Arhadia in a galaxy neighboring your own. Our kind were very spiritual, and we lived in harmony with our planet and with each other for a very long time. Being telepathic, we were able to live in harmony because we read the



minds of everyone around us and we were able to anticipate each other's wants and needs and likes and dislikes before any discord or animosity began; therefore we lived in peace with one another. We eventually received visitors from a planet far away who called themselves Darcanians from a planet called Darthos, they said that they were scientists who were traveling to other planets for researches sake, but they brought a sickness with them; and the sickness infected many of us. It began as a fever that was incurable followed by bouts of delusion that eventually turned to bloodlust. The Darcanians are immune to the diseases effects, but they knew that other races on other worlds were not, and their plans were simple and quite lethal. They released the disease into the air and the water supply where it slowly began to effect our elders and young ones first as their immunity was the weakest, followed by some of our leaders and soon most of us had turned on one another with bloodlust. The Darcanians were hoping that we would kill each other and annihilate our own race so they could take Arhadia for themselves, but my Brother and I were hiding with other doctors and scientists underground, and we thought that we had found a cure. We injected the serum into ourselves and as many others on the surface that we could reach in the hopes of using our newfound bloodlust to fight the Darcanians and drive them from our world for good, but we had overlooked a genetic anomaly that only a hundred or so of us carried. For most of our people, it was a cure all, and they returned to normal once they received injections of the serum; my Brother and I and about ninety others were not so lucky. We battled the Darcanians for nearly a year before there were only forty of their kind left and they surrendered and were driven from Arhadia for good, but we were not cured; when the dust settled and the bloodlust began anew, we began to turn on other Arhady, finding that the taste of fear and despair was particularly sweet. It wasn't long before the Arhady that were cured of the bloodlust fever began to fear for their lives and they turned against us, giving us no choice but to flee. Some of the infected chose suicide over escape and succumbed to the explosions rather than leave their home and their people. My Brother Reshlo and I, along with five others escaped Arhadia and headed for Earth; dozens of others headed for other planets in search of survival. To this day, Reshlo and I don't know what happened to any of the others; we search for clues, investigate missing persons reports from time to time if the right sort of energy trace is left behind, but we

only have one solid lead to another of our kind at the moment  
Beverly; You."